

Primordial, Children Of The Harvest

Seems we are to live our final days
Far from the dwellings of men
As flowing tides and shifting sands
Far from the bitter gaze of soul less man

In sorrow we fly from our loved ones
To die in the waters of the wild
My brethren can seek no shelter beneath these wings
Until dead men rise from their graves

How sad it is for me to see
My fathers fallen halls
Here once prideful men clashed as Gods
With veins aflame and hearts of thunder

Yet my fathers are long since dead and gone
And I with heart so heavy
And limbs so weary
It seems our sun is all but dimmed

And we your children have
Wandered for years
And felt the cruel blast of freezing winds
But the harshest blow of all to come...

To return at last to an empty home

"Adapted and altered from the Irish folklore tale of the Children of Lir, turned to swans and condemned to roam for 300 years before returning home...to an empty home. An interesting spine for an allegorical tale. One of displacement, disenchantment and alienation...from this world and its ways. Longing for another Age... another time, another place..."